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THE

LIFE

OF

ÆSOP of *Tunbridge.*

Written by the

A S S.

Part II.

LONDON:

Printed for *John Wells*, in *Paul's Alley*, near St. *Paul's-Church-Yard.* 1698.

3. *Nov.*

TO

Mrs. Urlula.

WELL, now Tom *I have finish'd my Paper, but who must I Dedicate it to? I am certainly the most unfortunate Dog in the whole Tribe, that I have never a Duke nor Dutchess, nor Lord nor Lady, nor Knight nor Squire lying by me upon such an occasion. Well, I have uever a one of this sort now, and therefore I think I must be forc'd to Dedicate it to the Worshipfull Aldermen,* &c. But *now I remember, there's some expressions in it that won't sound well in the ear's of the Godly, and therefore they must not have it; for if they should look upon it as an abomination to the Lord, they'd certainly turn it back upon my hands, and so I should lose my Dedication; faith I'm afraid I must be forc'd to Dedicate it to the worthy Inhabitants of my own*

Pariſh, amongſt whom, and for whoſe ſake 'twas writ : but I forget, they han't, according to cuſtome, ſubſcrib'd to the printing, and and ſo they ſhan't have it neither. After all, Mrs. Urſula, *I find you muſt be my Patroneſs, and truely I believe as good a Patroneſs as the beſt of 'em. I ſuppoſe you know the deſign of an Epiſtle Dedicatory, without giving me the trouble of flattering or complementing of you. As to the occaſion of it ; 'twas this, an honeſt fellow and my ſelf fell in the other day at the Dolphin in* Fleet Street, *and truely, to make ſhort of my ſtory, we drank more Ale and beer, and eat more bread and cheeſe then we had money to pay for, and what to doe in this ugly conjuncture we did not know, at laſt he thinks upon this Expedient ; Says he, the Town has been peſter'd for theſe two or three months with nothing but* Æſop's, *and laſt night I heard his* Laſt Will and Teſtament *bawl'd about the ſtreets ; I ſuppoſe he may be dead by this time, or at leaſt 'tis high time he was ; and therefore if you will write a few Rythms and call them his Life, I'le carry them to a Bookſeller that I'm confident will give us ſomething for them, under the notion that ſome of the fools that bought the reſt will buy*

theſe

theſe. Faith I like the Motion well, and to work I went, and by the Inſpiration of a quart or two of ſtout I finiſh'd the buſyneſs, as you ſee, and withall got ten ſhillings for my pains. Now Madam, if any of my Brother ſcriblers ſhould be ſo hardy to charge my Rhythms with Nonſence, inconſiſtence or want of deſign, you may e'ne tell them, That for deſigns I never had any in my Life; beſide, in this caſe, I had no manner of inclination to be ſingular, and ſo I contriv'd them as well as I could to be of the ſame peice with moſt of the former. To conclude, perhaps you may expect I ſhould take my leave of you with a whiſking lie or two; I mean, I ſhould tell you that I am your humbly devoted, highly oblidg'd, moſt obedient, ever grateful ſervant, &c. But inſtead of that, for once I'll tell you the truth, that I'm a poor moneyleſs Pretender to Poetry, which ſome people call an honeſt, others a fooliſh, and every body, a drunken fellow.

Farewell

THE

LIFE

OF

Æsop of *Tunbridge*.

Æsop to be from's word unhamper'd,
Early next night to'th' Cave he Scamper'd.
I'm come, says he, good Lady Brute,
To finish our last night's dispute.
If you would recollect a little,
For I don't love to lose a tittle;
Yo'll find that I broke off Just where,
The Whigish Bore began to Swear:
I told you too those Savage *Beasts*
Were such intolerable Guests,
That if you er'e expected peace
You must all friendship with them cease.

But

But to go on; whilſt this wild Bore,
As I have ſaid, did foam and roar,
A footman Dog, whoſe name was *Hector*,
Came Poſt to him from the Protector,
I Saw the Beaſt look very odly,
So ſoon ill news affects the Godly,
That I began to think in ſhort
That all things were not right at Court:
What was the matter I can't tell,
But out he went, and left a Smell,
And told the Aſs, that he muſt be
At th' Counſel Table inſtantly.
There was a Plot of Beaſts beſotted,
By Counterplot to be unplotted.
Having thus parted with this Hog,
The Aſs applies him to the Dog;
Hector, ſays he, of all your Beaſt
I ever valu'd Hog's the leaſt;
By whining tricks, or ſly pretences
They've ſo deſtroy'd our Vines and Fences,
That my poor Colts and your own Whelps
Will rue it long, unleſs *Jove* helps.
The Cur replys you're too ſevere;
You don't conſider who they are:
They are our Teachers, Beaſts of Letters
And we ſhou'd ſtill reſpect our betters.

Hector,

Hector, if I might ſpeak my mind,
They are blind Leaders of the blind;
Their formal looks and dull grimaces,
Affected tones, diſtorted faces,
Are only tricks to ſerve their ends,
And Rob the Lyon and his Friends.
Hector replys, I never prate
Of any thing belongs to th' State:
You know I am a Dog of Court,
And then to make the matter ſhort
I howl, and grin, and bark for pay,
The very ſame for which they pray;
And when my pay is like to fail,
Dog like, like them I ſoon turn tail:
You muſt obſerve this whining Cur,
Was like your City Beaſts in fur,
That prays i'th' morning at St. *Pauls*,
I'th' Afternoon at one o'th' Halls;
To no ſide he was very real,
Neither to King nor common Weal.
A grumbling Dog, and in ſuch caſes,
They're forc'd to ſtop their mouths with places:
Well, having gnaw'd and lapt his fill,
As all ſuch Curs on free Coſt will,
Into his paw he took the glaſs,
And thus began unto the Aſs;

Here's

Here's to his health (and you may truſt me)
That was, and is, that ought and muſt be.
The Aſs that mean'd the thing by ſtealth,
Only replys; the foreſaid health ;
He durſt not Name the words, for why,
Who knew but *Hector* was a ſpye ?
'Tis ſometimes good to be afraid,
Since Beaſts (by Dogs) have been betray'd.
But now the Cur would needs be gone,
And leave's Friend Aſs and I alone :
Faith, youth ſays he, I ſmell a Rat,
There's ſomething in the wind, mark that ;
The Royal Whelps, theſe Beaſts have forc'd
To ſeek their bread in Forreign Coaſts ;
Are I preſume a gathering ſtrength,
And will be here again at length.
If *Jove* be *Jove*, and truth be truth,
Remember what I tell thee, youth,
Tho' Villany may proſper long,
And be defended by a throng ;
In ſpight of all the Brutes of parts,
Their Knaviſh tricks and ſubtile arts ;
Virtue, tho' ſhe be long oppreſt,
Depend upon't, will be redreſt :

He

He had went on, but then eſpying
A Footman Ape, run by a crying,
He bid me follow him, and try
If I could learn, what made him cry.
I ask'd the Beaſt, who being civil,
Told me old *Noll*, was gone to th' Devil.
At firſt, the Aſs at this news ſtarts,
But ſtreight he friſks his tail and farts;
Says he, my Boy, if he be gone,
Come never fear, the days our own.
Longer to hold, he was not able,
And ſo burſt's out into a Fable.

The Fable of the Wolf, *the* Bore, *and the* Fox.

A *Wolf*, and a *Bore*, that were always diſloyal,
By appointment were met, to betray the Brute Royal,
They agree in the main, to deſtroy the poor Brute,
But the manner and time bred a little diſpute.

Quoth

Quoth the *Bore*, 'tis my Judgment, and
I'm ſure 'tis the beſt,
That if e're we intend to take off the
Beaſt ;
We muſt charge him with faults, that are
none of his own,
For unleſs we do that, it can never be
done.
I agree ſays the *Wolf*, and we'll give out
he's an *Atheiſt*,
Or if that will not do, then we'll ſwear
him a *Papiſt* ;
For I'm ſure, my old Friend you know
by the bye,
That in ſuch a good cauſe, we may both
ſwear and lie.
Whilſt the *Wolf*, and the *Bore*, were de-
bating the matter,
In ſteps an old *Fox*, that knew well how
to flatter,
Tho' I know worthy Friends, pretty well
what you drive at,
Says he, I'll retire if you mean to be
private.
Then up ſtarts the *Wolf*, and gives *Rey-
nard* his paw,
No, no, Brother *Reynard*, you need not
withdraw ;

The thing we're about, will require all
our helps,
To deſtroy an old Brute, with all his
young Whelps.
I confeſs ſays the *Fox*, 'tis a work meri-
torious,
And were it once done, it would make
us all Glorious;
But firſt I conceive, we muſt pull the
Church down,
And tread on the Mitre, if we e'r reach
the Crown.
I grant, crys the Bore, Mr. *Reynard*, that's
true,
But ſuppoſing it is, what's all that to you,
By the way, I can't ſee what you can
expect,
'Tis the ſwine, that alone are the govern-
ing Sect.
The *Wolf*, and the *Fox*, having had this
rebuff,
Roſe up from the Board in a damnable huff,
Oh, ho! Mr. *Bore*, do you take us for Tools,
You ſhall find in the end, ſays the *Fox*,
we're no Fools.
The Moral is this; tho' the *Fox*, *Wolf*,
and *Bore*,
In dividing the ſpoil, do ſnarle, grin,
and roar,

Yet in the main they agree, that with falſehood and lies,
'Tis the Natural way King and Church to ſurprize.
'Tis by ſhamming and tricking, and holy pretences,
They draw in the Mob, to Rebel 'gainſt their Princes,
And when they have once taught them how to diſobey,
There's no King is ſafe, that ſtands in their way.
But ſince my Friend *Æſop*, 'tis too late to complain,
We have hamper'd our ſelves, and may e'ne bite the Chain;
Yet take my advice, 'tis the beſt I'm able,
Sit down and be quiet, ſo I wind up my Fable.

Here he goes on: ſince we muſt part,
I'll teach you ſomething of my Art;
Which well obſerv'd will do you good,
When you begin to range the Wood:
As to the Beaſts of Politicks,
You ſee what ſubtile Arts and Tricks;
How furiouſly from day to day,
They hunt the Wood to find their Prey,
And how they ſcratch, and ſnap and bite,
Before they can divide it right.
From theſe, as from the murrain run,
Or elſe you'll quickly be undone:
They'll teach you ſoon to fawn and flatter,
And how the Royal Brutes to ſpatter.

To ſwear, forſweat, recant and lie,
And for a need give Reaſons why.
Next, if to Court you're forc'd to go,
For I have often found it ſo,
The *Apes* and *Spaniels*, ſoon ſurround you,
And with their Antick Tricks confound you.
And what is worſe, you muſt diſpence,
With all their dull Impertinence,
Or they immediately conclude,
That you're ill natur'd, proud and rude;
Avoid them then, unleſs you'd try,
How you can bear their Ribaldry.
At Court too, you will find a Beaſt,
Whom Nature when ſhe form'd the reſt,
Forgot to Name, of Monſtrous ſhape,
The one part *Bore*, the other *Ape*:
This Beaſt it ſeems by Inſpiration,
Did once preſerve this ſinful Nation,
But yet for all this mighty trick,
Shun him, as you would ſhun old Nick.
About the Lyons Den you'll find,
Creatures almoſt of every kind,
Thither the Hare will ſometime ſtart,
And now and then the Princely Hart;
But thoſe two Creatures never ſtay,
The place is not for ſuch as they.
No, no, the *Otters* and the *Bears*,
Look better there than *Harts* and *Hares*.
But here he ſtopt; ſays he, my friend,
I think we muſt draw tow'rd an end;
The Character of theſe few Beaſts
Do Vertually include the reſt;

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'Tis the Natural way King and Church to ſurprize.
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Do Vertually include the reſt;

Aud therefore if you wou'd excell,
Mark what I've ſaid, and ſo farewell.
Here *Æſop* again began to ſet out,
But the Lady perceiving him look like a clout,
Why *Æſop*, ſay's ſhe, I wou'd not diſpleaſe you,
Here's a crown for your pains, pray make your ſelf eaſy
To this he replys, I have much more to tell,
Of many Adventur's that ſince have befell:
But excuſe me to night; for I hate to be rude,
I'll firſt tell you a Fable and ſo I'll conclude.

The Fable of the blind Woman, and the Mountebank.

A Fooliſh old Dame that could not well ſee,
Sends for a young Dr. and thus they agree,
That if he could find out any cure for her blindneſs,
She'd make him amends for't, and own it a kindneſs.
The Politick Spark perceiving her rich,
Told her, he with the cure would go thorough ſtitch.
And ſo he did truly, for he made her quite blind,
Then took what he had, as at firſt he deſign'd.
The Moral is plain, you may tak't how you pleaſe,
Sometimes a bad Doctor improves a diſeaſe.

FINIS.

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Mark what I've ſaid, and ſo farewell.
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But the Lady perceiving him look like a clout,
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